

Be careful for what you wish for

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Summary: Nisha was an avid fan of Halo. She had only made a harmless wish when she wished to be in the game. What was the harm in that? Little does she know that she'll realize a whole new meaning to the saying, 'Be careful for what you wish for...' WARNING: Contains some swearing.

## 1. Chapter 1

**\*\*\_NOTE\*\*** This story contains some mild swearing. If you read this and learn a bad word and scream it out at school, or tell your parents, not my problem.  
><strong>

**\*\*Well**, if none of you know, I love Halo! It's one of my favorite Xbox games and I love it so much that I decided to make a fanfic! This is my first Halo fanfic so please go easy on me. I did do some research and all, but I still don't know every single thing about Halo so if I get something wrong, please don't unleash hell on me. **\*puppy dog eyes\*\***

**\*\*Anyways**, I was in a writing mood, and I was obsessing over Halo at the time so I thought, 'Why not make a story?' So, I got on Word and my hands typed this baby up. :) I do have a basic plot running about in my head (I should really write it down) so I shouldn't have too many writing blocks, but no promises!  
><strong>

**\*\*Anyways**, I want to see if you guys like it, and if so, I'll keep posting more chappys, ok? Ok, enough with my rambling.  
><strong>

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Chapter 1<strong>

"Damn it!" A feminine voice growled as she violently squeezed the

controller, as if trying to contort it. On the screen in front of her, Noble 6 was being slain by the Elite zealots in Lone Wolf. She hated this scene, it was just too sad. Playing a character in such a setting and then knowing you'd have to end up losing your life, it was terrible. But of course, it was a video game. It wasn't real.

"Why so annoyed? You know that you're going to end up killed. It's mandatory in this mission," the younger boy next to her stated plainly, an amused smile on his lips as he regarded his sister.

"I knowâ€¦ but I wanted to last longer." The girl pouted her lips as she quickly pressed Y to skip the tragic scene.

"Calm down. There are other Halo games out there that doesn't end like this." The boy exhaled loudly and then allowed himself to slump more on the soft couch.

"I know. Gosh, I don't know what's wrong with me. I just hate how the Sangheili just slay my Spartan. But then again, they're so hot too." A smile played on her lips then as she glanced over at her brother who only shook his.

"You and Elitesâ€¦ you're so messed up Nisha." Nisha only shrugged her shoulders before giggling.

"\_Sangheili\_," she corrected.

"Whatever. They're the same thing. I don't have to be specific."

"I sometimes do wish with they were real, the Sangheili." Her brother looked up at her with an are-you-serious expression. "But that would be bad. Because they'd probably really kill us. I mean, they're so freakin' tall and so strong!"

"Yeah. They'd snap you like a twig."

"They'd pound you to a bloody puddle," Nisha shot back, although there was a playful grin on her lips.

"Too graphic."

The girl yawned and stretched out, arching her back as she did so and rubbed her eyes as she exhaled loudly, returning to her slumped position. She then eyed the clock and let them grow large as she realized the time. \_1:05\_. \_How did time fly so fast? Soon, their parents would be coming down on them, frying them in the process.

Her brother noted the direction of his sister's gaze and let his dark eyes grow round as well as he looked back at the screen. Both wanted to play, but they knew what the consequences would be if they played anymore at this time.

"We should go before Mom and Dad yell at us."

"Aw, one more mission? Please, Shane?" Nisha whined. Shane only shook his head.

"Sometimes I really wonder how you're the oldest." His older sibling

only stuck out her tongue at him as she handed him the controller and watched him place it back in the bin as he shut off the console.

"Well, at least tomorrow is my birthday!" The girl laughed sleepily as she mustered enough energy to get off the couch and go back upstairs.

"Do you know what you want for your birthday?" he asked her, his eyes almost closed shut.

"For Halo to be real," she replied, a sleepy grin finding its way to her face.

"How about being realistic?"

"Being realistic sucks." Shane only shook his head and chuckled softly at his sister's reply. Sometimes, he really thought she was crazy. "Well, actually, maybe you're right. Maybe I don't want it to be real, but I certainly do wish I was in the game."

"Well, you probably won't get it, but you can go ahead and try wasting your wish on it," he commented as they made their way to their rooms.

"I certainly will. Goodnight."

"Goodnight, crazy person."

A goofy and smile and then the sound of closed doors.

"Are you sixteen? Are you seventeen? Are you eighteen? Are you-?" Nisha raised her hand, cutting off the chant.

"Stop!"

A chorus of claps resounded in the room as Nisha's friends celebrated. A large marbled cake lay in front of the young girl as she laughed in delight. In the middle were the waxy candles 18 and dozen or so around the edges.

"My baby's turning 18!" her mother said as she lit the candles, causing Nisha to blush a little and groan like any other teenager.

To her side, her father was chuckling softly before he hugged his 'little baby girl'. Shane was near the edge, looking bored as ever, often shooting annoyed glances over at his sister's friends.

"Make a wish!" one of her friends, Katie, yelled out of the bunch as she grinned like a madman. Nisha nodded and leaned down, eyes almost closed entirely shut as she regarded the flickering light.

Suddenly, images of Spartans, Sangheili (or Elites, whatever people wanted to call them), Pelicans, and Covenant dropships flashed before her mind like someone quickly whipping the beam of a flashlight across her face.

Should she? Was it even worth it? Her realistic mind questioned.

\_Hell yes. \_

Of course, her more impulsive side won over and with words and images in mind, she took a deep breath and blew out all the candles in one breath.

The clapping began again.

"Whaddya wish for?" one of her friends asked curiously. Nisha only winked at her. "Can't tell you."

She then glanced over at her brother who she saw was giving her a questioning look before she shot him a mischievous smile.

By the time her friends left, Nisha was more than ready to hit the sack. As much fun as they had, it was still tiring trying to please everyone while doing what was expected of the birthday girl. She hadn't even planned on inviting people over. Nisha wasn't that social. She had only wanted to celebrate amongst her family, but of course, her mother being quite social and all, kept prompting her to invite a few friends over. Knowing that it would be in vain, she resisted arguing and listened.

\_At least I saw my friends, and I have gifts.\_

As she made her way up the carpeted steps, her mind wandered to her wish and she shook her head at herself. How foolish she had been; wishing for something like that, but the childish part of her mind was filled with hope.

As she reached the top step, she made her way to the bathroom to shower, and allowed herself a moment to relax. She took her time, although she scolded herself for wasting so much water and after much thinking and scrubbing, she exited the shower. After drying herself, and dressing in her pajamas, she headed to her room.

"Goodnight everyone!" she cried to the air as she swung around into her room and closed it behind her. Through the door, she heard her parents return her comment while her brother's response was just a grunt.

With a grumbling sigh, she flopped herself onto her bed, causing it to squeak as she did so, and then lazily snuggled under the thick covers. Nisha got cold very easily, and although she was wearing her fluffy winter pajamas, she still required thick covers, normally two of them, especially since it was the middle of winter.

Snuggling into the bed some more, she let out a content sigh as she closed her eyes, hoping that maybe just for one night her buzzing mind would allow her to surrender to sleep quickly.

There was a long silence and the wind whistled outside, causing the girl lying in the bed to snuggle deeper into the covers. A few minutes later, there was a heavy blow that seemed to hit the window, causing Nisha to open her eyes in a flash and turn over to look at her window.

Concluding that it was a snowstorm brewing, she tiredly turned back over on her left side to snooze off, listening to the storm outside.

It was pleasant listening to a snowstorm, it always made her appreciate the warm cocoon she was in, and every storm seemed to stir hope in her that there would be a school closing.

A few more minutes past by with the howling wind worsening. Suddenly, there was a slight trembling that rippled through Nisha's bed. The trembling increased and the rattling of her metal footboard met her ears.

Nisha's stomach clenched in both fear and excitement. Her first thought was an earthquake and eager to witness more of it, she sat upright and turned on her light, only to find that the power had gone off.

"Oh come on!" she grumbled, as she nonetheless excitedly jumped out of her bed and tried her best to balance on the trembling ground. Suddenly, her stomach sank a little at the thought of the carpeted floor caving in beneath her. She hoped it wouldn't be that bad of an earthquake.

"Mom! Dad! Shane!" she cried out, reaching the doorknob, all the while staring at her shivering bed and the rattling metal board. Were her parents feeling this? Was her brother also out of his bed?

The earthquake became worse and the books that were neatly arranged in the shelves on her desk began to vibrate with each large shudder and dropped onto the desk with a loud smack, while the rest tumbled onto the carpet.

"Mom! Dad!" Panic curled its way into the girl's stomach and she felt her hand close onto the cool doorknob but as she tried to turn it, it wouldn't budge. No matter how hard she tried to turn it, it remained stubbornly locked in its position. "Shane! Can you hear me?" She was shouting at the door, now banging her fist against it as she wobbled, trying to keep her balance.

There was another earth crumbling shudder, and Nisha was sent onto the ground. During that process, her cranium smacked against the corner of her drawers and she saw stars swim in her vision. The ground met the back of her head and she faintly could remember feeling the rest of her body hit the carpeted floor.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Ok, well, that's Chapter 1 for ya guys. I hope it was ok. I realize that it was a little short, but don't worry, the upcoming chapters should be longer. ;) <strong>

\*\*Please R&R. Also, if you noticed any grammatical errors, don't be afraid to bring them up. I would like to improve my writing. I also may have gotten some things wrong about the Lone Wolf mission. I haven't played Halo Reach in awhile (thanks a lot school) so I may have forgotten how a mission went, or what buttons to press for what.  
\*\*

\*\*Well, that's all. Thanks guys! :)<br>><strong>

\_\*\*Ok, well, wow. This story was already favorited and I even got a review, oh, and followers. Thanks guys! :D\*\* \*\*Those little actions are very much appreciated. \*\*\_

\_\*\*Anyways, this chapter is way longer than the first one. I hope I didn't add\*\*\_\*\* too\*\*\_\*\* much detail. . I also hope I got the mission down. I'm just doing this by memory. I haven't played Halo for a month or so now. Been too busy. I should play it again real soon.

><strong>\_

\_\*\*\*Ahem\* Well, anyways. I already gave a warning. There is swearing in this story. Also, I would like to add that I do not on Halo or Noble Team and the Covenant, no matter how epic that would be.

><strong>\_

\_\*\*KEY

><strong>\_

\_thinking thinking thinking= \_Thinking

\_/Do you copy? Do you copy?/\_= Comm Link (that's what you call it, right?)

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Chapter 2<strong>

Nisha groaned as she fluttered her eyes open. She was met with the intricate eggshell-white ceiling of her room. Then as her dark brows knitted together, she lifted her left hand towards her face and flexed her thin fingers, hoping that nothing was broken.

When her hand seemed fine, she tested the other one and in relief discovered that her right hand had made it too.

Groaning, she lifted herself onto an upright position only to feel her head seemingly being crushed between two boulders. The pain began from the back of her head and she inhaled sharply and then let her body to fall back down onto the floor.

Letting her body relax against the ground, she remembered the event from the previous night. There had been a storm, and then an earthquake.

Turning her head to the side to survey her door, she narrowed her eyes at the door. The doorknobâ€|she had tried turning it, but it wouldn't turn. What had happened? Perhaps it had frozen in place?

Her logical reasoning said otherwise.

When she attempted to sit up again, the pain from the back of her head exploded and Nisha was forced to go back down. Letting the first few feelings of panic crawl through her numb body, she daringly let one of her hands venture to explore the back of her head to see if she was bleeding. She drew her hand away and then let it appear in front of her face. There was no blood, thankfully.

Letting that hand fall limply onto the ground she cleared her throat.

"Mom! Dad! Shane!" She repeated herself several times and allowed her voice to become louder with each repetition but she received no response and eventually her voice became hoarse.

Fear twisted painfully at her stomach and this allowed her to bolt upright and momentarily ignore the screaming pain in the back of her head as she launched herself at the door. Was her family all right?

When she tried the doorknob, it still did not budge, and in her panic, Nisha began to pound at the door. Each pound was accompanied by a heated word and soon she resolved to kicking the wooden hinged slab.

"Open dammit! Open!" Her hoarse voice was a mixture of anger and fear. Each kick only made her panic even more. Would if her family was hurt? How could she help them when she was stuck in her room? She felt a lump grow in her throat and she fisted her hands. No, she couldn't cry right now.

Soon, both her hands and feet, and her hips (she even slammed her hips against the door) became sore and she let herself fall on her bed. Her breathing was heavy and her feet, hands, and hips throbbed.

Trying to calm herself down, she looked over and tried switching on her lamp. The power was still out. Angry, scared, and confused, the teenager then smacked the lamp hard onto her desk before she felt pity for it. She had to calm down; she had to control her anger.

As she let her dark eyes waver onto the floor, they swept over her room and her spirits were suddenly lifted when she spotted her iPhone. Without any hesitation, she leaped at it like a wild animal and then turned it on. There was only one thing wrong though.

Where her lock screen should have been, there, in bright red, bold letters were the words sprayed across the pitch-black screen: \_ERROR ERROR ERROR \_

No matter how many times or how hard she tapped the screen, Nisha couldn't access her phone and soon she gave up.

When she about to check the windows, there was a loud bang at her door that caused her heart to fly right out of her chest. The girl froze on her spot and let her eyes focus on the shadows under the crack of the door. There were lean shadows that danced across the ground and then there was movement. Another heavy bang, and another. Soon, the banging intensified until each one caused the door to shake and almost bend.

Nisha didn't know whether to speak or not. Was it the police? Either way, her voice was frozen in her throat and she stared like an idiot.

\_No, the police would have called outâ€|they wouldn't bang the door like thatâ€|\_

There was another loud bang at her door, this time accompanied with fast, chattering voices. They sounded more animalistic and yet so alien. There were scratching noises against the door, as if some animal were dragging its claws against the wood.

Another bang resounded into the cold room and Nisha winced and suddenly, she felt an adrenaline rush as she realized that these people, or creatures, weren't planning on helping her.

As quietly and quickly as she could, she scooped up her phone, hoping it would be useful later on, and went into her walk-in closet and shut the door behind her. The closet was freezing but right now, Nisha was unaffected, as her body seemed to go on a heating rage. Her heart was thumping furiously and she could feel the blood in her veins rush throughout her body, giving her some animalistic energy.

Remembering her opening chest/window sill thing, she opened it up and then quickly wiggled in, ignoring the other old, dusty items and closed the lid as quietly as she could and allowed herself to settle into the cramped space and let the darkness envelope her.

Still panicking, she dug her way deeper and tried burying herself further under all the junk, not caring about the musty smell that would cling onto her. The only thing she feared was making noise or sneezing.

Just as she had buried herself under some of her old jackets and stuffed toys, she heard her door crash open and instantly her body tensed.

She tried not to breathe and her heart was racing so much that it actually hurt her chest. In vain, she tried to control her breathing and her beating heart.

There was that same chattering noise and steady, careful steps. There was a heart stopping moment when she heard another bang and then a familiar sound that she had only heard from a videogame she had played.

\_Was that a plasma pistol?\_

There was more chattering, although this time it was harsher. Nisha almost chuckled when she realized that whatever these things were, one of them was getting a scolding. That amusing thought instantly vanished when she heard the voices come closer. No doubt, they were right in front of her closet door.

She heard scratching against the door and then the sound of the doorknob being turned. As the door was forced open fast, it squeaked quickly and she could feel the wind rush through the miniscule crack in the lid.

Nisha felt herself stop breathing altogether and she feared that her heartbeat would give her away. All she could do was helplessly look through the tiny crack and hope whoever, or whatever the swift shadows belonged to, they wouldn't find her.

In the panic filled air, Nisha could hear everything in detail. She



could hear the soft, stealthy steps on the carpet, and the animalistic clicking noises coming from the creatures.

A blotch of gray and black covered the crack, and there was a flash of metallic purple and green.

Nisha almost gasped.

\_A plasma pistol!\_

Suddenly, the pieces fell into place, and at first, the girl thought that she was just hallucinating, or going insane.

\_Plasma pistolâ€|. animalistic clickingâ€|stealthy stepsâ€|gray and blackâ€|\_

An image of a skirmisher popped into her head and she let that image freeze in her head as she took it all in.

\_No, no, this is a dreamâ€|a nightmareâ€|or is it?\_

Dream or not, Nisha could definitely feel the fear instilled in her body, and she remained quiet and hoped that these creatures would just leave, or just find her and get it over with. She couldn't take anymore of the suspense.

There was that chattering voice again right above the lid of her chest and Nisha felt herself curl even more into a tight ball, her eyes growing wide with fear. There were a few clicks and high growls when the sounds stopped altogether. The silence stretched out and although it was quiet, Nisha could still sense the presence of the aliens.

There was a questioning chattering from the one farther away from her hiding spot and then an affirmative growl from the one closest to the frightened girl.

From the tiny crack, she spotted flashes of gray and black and felt the wind as the skirmishers ran out of her room and away to wherever.

Even minutes later after the creatures' departure, Nisha still remained hiding, barely breathing as she tried to muster enough to courage to get out.

\_It' a dreamâ€|just a really realistic oneâ€|\_

With that thought repeated in her mind, the teenager slowly allowed herself to open the lid just a crack and peer out. There were no skirmishers greeting her with plasma pistols.

She kept opening the lid more and more each time she was sure that they had left until she was standing and peering around, now curious.

Finally with the hopes of it being a dream, and that familiar spark of curiosity, she crawled out of her hiding spot and looked out of the doorframe of the closet and gasped.

Her desk, which was directly in front of her about six feet away, had

been partly melted and there was a mark that decorated the half-melted part. It looked like an exploded black star, and it was no doubt the mark of a plasma pistol. Some of her books had also caught on fire and were now black ashes and her lamp was as good as gone.

Slowly exiting the closet, her eyes slid onto the wall where her board had been. It was once adorned with a collage of pictures of her and her family, but now it was completely empty, and there was a scratch mark left on one corner. Looking down, Nisha expected to see the pictures on the floor but she saw nothing.

\_Where are my pictures?!\_

The girl crouched down and began looking over the messy carpet, even under her now messed up bed but found none of her family photos. Nisha began to panic more and she shook her head, hoping that the skirmishers had just crumpled them and thrown them away with no care. Most of the pictures had been of herself at various vacation spots and some more with mostly her and Shane.

"Where are they? Where are they?" It was no use, her search proved to be fruitless and her only conclusion was that they had been taken or just melted.

Realizing that this issue wasn't so big right now, Nisha stood back up and then looked out the doorway, realizing that the door had indeed been kicked open violently as it hung from its hinges. A crack webbed from the center to the edge, but that wasn't what caused the teenager to freeze in her place.

Instead of a cool, winter breeze, the breeze that wafted into the room was warm, and almost humid. There was also tall, wild grass and the sun's light was strong and sprayed everywhere on the ground. Boulders of all sizes littered the ground and there were a few dry patches of dirt where no vegetation grew. There were also trees with oddly shaped branches popping from the ground.

\_Where the hell am I?\_

At first, Nisha thought that she was in Florida, based on the feeling of the breeze, but she remembered the skirmishers and her stomach nearly flopped right out of its place.

"No wayâ€|" she breathed as she took curious steps toward the doorframe. As she peered out of her room, she tried her best to look up at the sky without being blinded but failed, so instead she let her eyes wander around the terrain, taking it all in.

"Yep. I'm on Reach. I'm so dead."

\* \* \*

><p><em><strong>Well, I there ya go guys. I hope you liked it. I know it wasn't much longer than the first chapter, but the next ones should be more longer. Maybe. Probably.<br>\*\_

\_\*\*I'll be working on the next chapter soon. If you saw any mistakes, grammatical ones, or just ones concerning Halo, please PM me and I'll try to fix it. Thanks! :D\*\*

><em>

### 3. Chapter 3

\_\*\*I would like to thank all those who reviewed my story, favorited it, or added it to their story alert. I really didn't expect so much positive feedback for this story. :D Oh, and the Noble Team does appear in this chappy, although it's a small part. They'll have a bigger part later in the next chapters.\*\*\_

\_\*\*Ok, well, I hope you like the following chapter. I'm having so much fun writing this story! \*\*\_

\_\*\*Disclaimer: I don't own Halo or any of its characters and aliens! (Although that would have been pretty sweet).\*\*\_

\_\*\*KEY  
><strong>\_

\_thinking thinking thinking\*\*= Thinking  
><strong>\_

\_/I'm comming you!/\*\*= Comm Link  
><strong>\_

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Chapter 3<strong>

After changing into more suitable clothing, Nisha realized that there was no point in staying in her room. No doubt would those skirmishers call up their buddies and have them take a thorough inspection of her room. Besides, it was odd seeing a room that looked like as if it had been ripped from a house and thrown randomly onto the ground.

Making sure she had her phone with her, the girl also made sure to take along a jacket, in case it got cold. It was always better to be safe than sorry.

She also decided to take some more items with her in her sling on purse. She put in a few hair ties, her brush, and a book that had been spared, and even few pins that she found lying around. She even had placed her earbuds in, in case her phone ended up working by some miraculous chance. Deep down though, Nisha knew better of that. How would her phone work in a videogame?

When the time seemed right, the girl sprinted out of her room and into the unknown of the alien planet. All the while, Nisha hoped hat she'd bump into the UNSC instead of the Covenant. No matter how much she raved over Elites, she really didn't want to meet them up close and personal, no matter how curious she became.

During her journey, she came across a few breath-taking waterfalls and during that time she even had stopped to dip her hands in the water. The cool, very real feeling of the liquid lapping at her hands always reminded her that this was indeed not a dream, and it helped ease her stomach.

Nisha knew that even Elites had HUDs, like the Spartans. For all she

knew, a stealth Elite may have been trailing her the whole time. This thought caused the girl to rush over to the other side and increase her pace. Her eyes often would shoot up at the sky, anticipating, yet fearing the sight of a Covenant dropship.

\_The war has to be going on. There were skirmishers, that means the Covenant has to be here,\_ Nisha reasoned. She stopped. \_Maybe the UNSC doesn't know about the Covenant on Reach yet?\_

As if to prove her wrong, there was an explosion that sounded. It caused the ground beneath the girl to quaver a little and excitement rushed through Nisha as she quickly veered towards the direction of the sound and made her way towards it.

Nisha knew that what she was doing was crazy and probably stupid. Who else would go \_towards\_ an explosion when you knew the planet was being attacked by aliens who wanted to eradicate your own kind? Nisha almost laughed at herself as she pictured herself hesitantly raising an imaginary hand to that question.

Another explosion rippled through the ground and the familiar sound of needlers and assault rifles made its way to the curious girl. She also could hear the high pitched squeals of the grunts and the odd garbling sounds from the skirmishers.

Sinking low to the ground, Nisha snuck her way up as stealthily as she could to get a better view. Soon enough, the noises were accompanied with the very creatures that it belonged to.

The teenager nearly gasped again when she recognized the scene. The sheds, the large flat building, the roofed bridge and the waterfallâ€¦

\_This is Winter Contingency! \_Nisha nearly shrieked in excitement but remained silent as she watched, her chocolate brown eyes sparkling in wonder and awe. She was actually here. She wasn't just sitting in front of a screen playing as an imaginary character, she was actually \_here\_.

There were the small grunts running about, shooting off their plasma pistols while jackals went into groups of two or three and slinking about behind their shields. There were mostly light blue shields and a few reds. There were no Elites, not yet, but she knew they'd be appearing real soon once the two steams were crossed.

There was a machine gun being sprayed on the aliens, and Nisha even noticed frag grenades being tossed around and she instantly recognized the large, bulking Spartan. To his side, there was a flash of light blue and the quick sounds of a pistol being fired as the female Spartan made her way towards the bridge. Soon, the two other Spartans caught up. Nisha instantly recognized the rough and tough Spartan with the skull scratched onto his helmet accompanied with their leader, the one adorned in dark blue.

Nisha wondered what they were talking about. She could only recall how angry Jorge had sounded when the big man had realized that the Covenant were on Reach.

While she was swimming around in her own thoughts, Nisha hadn't realized the shadow slowly building over her prone figure. That is,

until she heard a hiss and the buzz of a charged plasma pistol. Eyes widening, she rolled to the side just in time and glared at the jackal. The lean alien only hissed at her, spinning his bony arm around to aim the weapon at her. Acting instinctively, Nisha went down to the ground and rolled, colliding with the jackal.

She felt her feet slam onto the smooth shield and the sound of static. Then, the ground seemed to disappear beneath her as the two species rolled off the small cliff. There was a snapping noise as they made impact with the ground. The wind was knocked right out of Nisha and she rolled over, realizing that she had fallen on the jackal. The thin creature wasn't moving and after staring at it with fear, Nisha finally mustered enough courage to poke it before reeling back, her eyes still trained on it. Nothing.

She noted how its raptor-like jaw was open, it's bird-like neck bent at an odd angle. Nisha looked over in its eyes and saw that it was glazed over. The jackal was dead.

The sudden realization that she had killed it suddenly crashed onto her. Should she feel proud? Excited? Guilty? They were killing off a species that hadn't done anything to them. They had started it, but then again, it was a videogame, right?

Either way, Nisha couldn't help but feel a little guilty, even if she hadn't intended to kill it. Nonetheless, she felt proud. She had just killed one of the Covenant soldiers without any armor, weapons, or shoes.

Nearby, she heard some more sounds and she quickly reached over and grabbed the plasma pistol out of the dead jackal's hand, shuddering when she touched part of the motionless body.

There was a high-pitched yelp behind her and turning around, she aimed the plasma pistol directly at a shivering grunt, her hand shaking. She had used a plasma pistol before, but that was her character. Her character could easily pick up any old gun and use it like a pro, they even would reload like it were a piece of cake, but this, this was real.

"O-ok, s-step away little guy. B-back!" Nisha slowly stood to her full height, her eyes trained on the grunt. The smaller alien had its own plasma pistol, but it realized that it was alone, and now facing a species that was taller than it, holding it at gunpoint.

From experience, and research, she knew how cowardly Unggoy were, especially when they were alone.

"Y-you heard me. Back!" She quickly let her index finger slide to what she thought was the trigger and narrowed her eyes, acting as if she knew what she was doing.

The grunt heeded her words but it also lifted up its knobby arm, aiming its own weapon at her.

Taking a quick breath, Nisha felt her heart drumming in her ears and before she actually thought through with what she was doing, she dove to the side, behind a jutting boulder and listened to the grunt shoot at her. The edge of the boulder sizzled and was singed black. All the while, Nisha desperately tried to work the alien pistol. During her

frantic process, she dropped it and had to pick it up again. Her breathing quickened and her hands started to shake more violently.

\_It's just a grunt, come on Nisha! He's alone, and scared, they're cowardly.\_

The grunt had stopped shooting now, but it was rapidly speaking in its own language, obviously very much frightened as she. This caused Nisha to pity it, but at the same time, it also gave her more courage.

After forcing her breathing to calm down somewhat, she sucked in a deep breath and then popped her head out to the side of the boulder and then aimed near the Unggoy and squeezed what she really hoped was the trigger.

There was the familiar sound of a plasma pistol being shot, and Nisha vaguely remembered feeling her hand heat up. There was a high-pitched screech and a sizzle.

\_I hit him! I hit him! \_Nisha happily screamed within her mind, a smile appearing on her lips, but it vanished and her happiness turned sour when she realized that the grunt's weak armor had taken most of the shot.

"What? No fair man! I don't have any armor!" Nisha shrieked at the alien. Dead or not, the alien was shaken by the accuracy of the human and decided to flee when her voice rose up. Breathing frantically, it crossed the stream, only to be chased by the angry girl.

"Come back here! You're the one with armor! I'm not done yet!" Nisha didn't notice the cool stream as she ran past through it, eyes glued onto the running grunt. She hadn't even noticed that she'd gone so far until she had stepped in something sticky. Looking down, she screamed and shook her foot, hopping on the other when she realized she had stepped on the blood of one of the fallen jackals.

While she was preoccupied, the grunt had disappeared. Looking around, Nisha concluded that either it had found its buddies, or had met its doom with the Spartans. Either way, she didn't really care. Right now the bottom of her foot was painted with blood. She could even smell the odd scent coming from it and she nearly gagged.

"Ok, do something elseâ€¦find a needlerâ€¦" she muttered to herself as she searched, trying to get her mind off her foot. Her eyes lit up when she found a needler and she picked it up, feeling the smooth weapon and lightly tapping the jagged tips of the pink crystals.

When she had played Halo, she had noticed that needlers ran out fairly quickly, especially since she seemed to overuse the weapon a bit too much. Now that she was in the game, actually in it, she knew she'd run out of needler ammo; fast. That, and she had no idea how to reload.

\_Perhaps the Spartans could teach me?\_

Her mind suddenly jumped onto the Spartans. She wondered how they would react to her. What would they say to her? What would they think

of her? She felt nervous, but pushed the feeling away. What other choice did she have? It was either the Spartans, whose duty is to protect humankind, or either the Covenant, who wants to annihilate all of humankind. It was pretty obvious.

As she tucked away her plasma pistol in her pocket, letting part of the handle to stick out awkwardly, she heard an explosion and a deep roaring not too far away. There was a flash of blue and shots of purplish pink.

\_The Ultra Elites...\_

It was no doubt the Elites. She recognized this mission quite well. The first time she had played on this mission, she had continuously been killed by those damned aliens. She had lost count after ten. It had been a frustrating experience, but the victory was worth it, even if it was a game.

There was another shot of purplish pink, and as Nisha watched the shots, she realized how much they looked like a dazzling shooting star; that is, until she realized the shot was nearing her.

With a yelp she flung herself as fast as she could to the side, hitting the ground and tumbling down the bank of the stream. The cold water caused the poor girl to scream again, and spit as she struggled to get up and run anywhere. As she got up, her clothes and sling-on purse now soaked, she raced blindly in any direction. Of course, with her luck, she ran towards the source of the shot and only realized this when there was a loud guttural roar and the sounds of both UNSC and Covenant weapons being fired.

Nisha was never the one to enjoy loud sounds, and she plugged her ears, running towards one of the trees for cover. Her heart was racing and all the while she hoped desperately that the Elites hadn't seen her. She also hoped that the shot that had neared her hadn't been intentional, just an Elite missing way off.

There was another roar, and the ground exploded near her feet. Pieces of dirt flung itself on the wet girl and she felt the heat. Nisha, with both her hands still planted firmly on her ears lost balance, and with a meek scream she fell on her side. Her ears started to ring.

"Get up! Get up! Get up!" she whispered fiercely to herself as she attempted to get up without falling from her violent trembling.

"Hey! There's a civilian over there!" The voice had a slight accent and very deep. Nisha recognized it as Jorge's voice.

"What's she doing there?" the female Spartan called out, still trying to knock one of the Elites down with her pistol.

"It doesn't matter. Get her out, now!" The voice was commanding, and slightly rough and as Nisha got up, she realized that it belonged to no other than Carter.

\_/This is Noble Two. Noble Five, cover me!/\_

\_ /Got it./ \_There was the sound of a machine gun.

Now on her feet, Nisha felt disorientated and barely could stand up. Her ears were still ringing and they seemed to be blocked by cottonballs. All she could hear now was the beating of her heart, which was acting as if she had ran a mile within those few seconds.

\_Run, run, get out!\_

Despite her disorientated state, Nisha still forced her long legs to move and she did so. The direction she was moving though, she only hoped was correct this time.

Behind her, she felt slight vibrations and her breathing increased, as did her heart. She quickened her pace, blocking out the screaming behind her. Someone grabbed her arm roughly and Nisha screamed, instantly turning to face her attacker.

"Civilian, calm down. Get behind cover, now! I don't have all day," Kat ordered her fiercely, dragging the girl behind her as she roughly pushed her behind a boulder. Weak, and shaken, the girl only obeyed without any question, rubbing her shoulder when she was pushed down and released.

"Now stay. If you walk out there again like that, I'm leaving you there, got it?" Nisha nodded.

There was an explosion close by that sent more dirt to launch at the boulder. A few pieces landed on Nisha but she ignored it, trying to desperately drown out the noise and calm herself.

Her once lit up eyes now were glazed over as she tried to analyze what was happening to her, and what did happen. So far, she had landed in her videogame, killed a jackal, chased a grunt, and was nearly blown to bits thanks to the Ultra Elites, all within less than a day. Now, she was with the Spartans. That meant she was safeâ€|right?

Of course, there was that one stupid voice in her head.

\_"Nope, not quite."\_

\* \* \*

><p><strong><em>Well, I hope I got most of the this mission correct although it hasn't ended yet. Poor Nisha. I almost got her knocked out again. Haha.<br>\_\*\*

\_\*\*I hope so far The Noble Team didn't sound too OCC. Emile will appear in the next chapter.\*\*><em>

\_\*\*Please leave a review! If you saw any mistakes I made, grammatical ones, or Halo ones, please PM me! Thanks! ;)><strong>\_

#### 4. Chapter 4

\*\*\_Well, I should really be working on a project of mine, but eh, I'm



procrastinating. Plus, writing this story is much more interesting! Of course, I'd like to thank all of my reviewers, and those who favorited this story or put it on their story alert list. You people are awesome! :D\_\*\*

\*\*\_Disclaimer: I do not own Halo, no matter how much I want to.

\_\*\*

\* \* \*

#### ><p><strong>Chapter 4<strong>

After much shooting, reloading, cursing, grenades and punches later, all the Ultra Elites had been killed. That meant that the sounds had stopped, which had allowed Nisha enough time to calm herself within the few precious minutes she had left before the rest of the team had to head further into the area to wipe out the Covenant. She still remained sitting behind the boulder, her knees drawn up to her chest and her hands wrapped around them, holding them in place.

During that time, Nisha noticed the glances she received from the wary Spartans, and she didn't like it. She felt like she was a bug being examined under a microscope. What was worse was that they all had their helmets on so she had no clue as to what their expressions were. For the most part, considering they were battle-hardened soldiers that were taught to kill since the young age of six, they must have had expressionless faces.

"How the hell did a civilian get in a damn battlefield?" A rough booming voice called out. Emile walked out and joined the rest of the group who were currently inspecting her from afar. Nisha tried looking through his helmet, but could only see the skull staring back at her. Disappointment seeped into her. Would she ever find out what Emile looked like?

"Whaddya lookin' at?" He growled, his hands twitching, probably for a knife of some sort. Nisha, taking the hint instantly looked away, her ears and cheeks burning from fear and embarrassment.

"I have no idea as to how she got in the field. She just appeared out of nowhere." The voice was more gentle, which was ironic considering it was coming from the biggest Spartan in the team.

"Is she a native here?"

"Doesn't look like one. Her clothes are different," Came Kat's flat reply as she twisted her head around to look over the girl. Her visor seemed to stop and stare at Nisha's bare feet. Nisha quickly pulled her feet in and stared back at the female Spartan.

"What is your name?" Jorge asked kindly, approaching the exhausted girl. Although she knew he was the most gentle, in her tired and strained state, Nisha felt slightly intimidated and edged slightly away.

"N-Nisha," she answered quietly, her eyes resting on a patch of grass.

"Who cares what her name is? She's just a civilian. We just need her out of here," Emile spat, taking a few steps out towards where the

vehicles were.

"I know a lot about you guys," Nisha murmured, eyes still trained on the ground. "I can't believe I'm meeting you for real." This time, she turned her head up and her dark eyes lit up again as she looked over them, although there was more distaste towards Emile.

"Oh really?" Came Jorge's reply, although he sounded quite amused. "How much do you know of us?"

Nisha beamed. "Y-you're Noble Five. Chief Warrant Officer Jorge. You're the team's heavy weapon's specialist. You're also the only Spartan-II on the team." There was silence and at that moment, Nisha knew she had everyone's full attention. Even Emile was looking at her. With what expression, who knows.

"And you." She pointed over at Kat. She could feel the woman super soldier narrow her eyes at her suspiciously. "You're Noble Two. Lieutenant Commander Catherine, if I remember correctly. You're the intelligence specialist. You're extremely intelligent and can hack into anything." The last comment got Nisha a shrug from the Spartan.

"Well, you do have your facts straight."

Nisha only smiled and pointed out Emile. "You're Noble Four. You're Warrant Officer Emile and you're the assault specialist." She felt Emile shoot daggers at her. "You also are known to not be very friendly with civilians," she added, earning a chuckle from Jorge.

"Shut up! Both of you!" He snarled, clearly fuming as he looked at Nisha. Jorge only shook his head, his body still shaking slightly from his light chuckling.

"She does have a point though there you knowâ€|"

"Shut up before I shut your mouth for you big guy! That goes for you too, civilian!"

Nisha felt slightly frightened but she knew Jorge would protect her somehow and decided to continue on.

"Oh and you're Noble 1." Her finger flew over to land on Carter. "You're Noble One and you're-"

"We've heard enough. Where did you get this information?" Kat asked sharply. She was approaching Nisha like a jaguar would approach its prey. Nisha could even feel the Spartan's cogs working as she scanned her over.

"Kat, let me handle this." Carter said as he approached the girl. By now, Nisha felt intimidated and was fighting back the urge to scoot away. Jorge recognized this and addressed the group.

"Guys, back off, she's scared."

"She better be," Emile started. Nisha could actually hear the smirk in his voice.

"Emile, enough." Carter commanded. This time it was Nisha's time to smirk and smirk she did. The aggressive Spartan only growled.

"Now, answer the question please. Where did you get this information? Are you part of the UNSC?" Carter had bent down to eye level with Nisha. It helped ease the teenager's unease slightly.

"No- No, I'm not part of the UNSC. I-I, you guys wouldn't believe me." Nisha's voice became quiet and she looked away. Her ears were burning on the tips and she swore they were red.

"Don't worry. We'll listen," came Jorge's gentle voice. Nisha looked up at him for awhile and then nodded when she realized he was telling the truth.

"Wellâ€¦you see, you guys are part of a videogame-"

"What the hell is a videogame?" Emile's voice rang out. This time, Nisha didn't glare at him but just turned her head to stare at the Spartan with a dumbfounded look. Then she let her eyes trail over to the other Spartans. They seemed just as confused as to what a videogame was, although they weren't as angry looking as Emile.

"Wait, seriously?" Nisha asked with surprise.

"What? You think we ain't serious?" Emile's voice sounded challenging.

"Warrant Officer, enough," Carter said firmly, his visor turning to Noble Four. Emile only let out a growl but obeyed.

"I'm going to go on ahead, I'm not wastin' my time with this civilian," the aggressive Spartan stated as he sauntered off towards where the two vehicles were.

"Now," Carter looked back at Nisha, "please tell us what a videogame is." Beside the leader, the girl noticed Kat looking at her rather impatiently. Jorge was just looking at her steadily, an almost calming aura radiating from him.

"Ok, well, a videogame is an electronic game you play on a screen that requires human interaction. The person plays as a character in the game by using some kind of controller, although now there's Xbox Kinect that doesn't need a hand-held controllerâ€¦" At the mention of the Kinect, she noticed how the Spartans tilted their heads at her.

She shook her head. "Nevermind. Forget the last part. Anyways, the game inside isn't real. You play as a fictional character."

"So, you're saying we're not real?" Kat's accented voice cut in.

"Um, yes. Well, you aren't supposed to be real because you're in a videogameâ€¦"

"This civilian probably hit her head too hard. We should call the UNSC to have her picked up," the female Spartan said. "We can also get on with our mission."

"Listen, I know I've been battered quite a bit within the last few minutes but, I can help you guys on your mission."

"Hmph, you? Helping us?" Kat shook her head, "She definitely hit her head."

"Listen, I've played this game before, many times. I know quite a bit. Like, right now your mission is to investigate a malfunctioning relay system." Moments after the words left her lips, Nisha felt someone seize her shoulders, hoisting her up and then something metallic wrapped around her jaws and forced her head to be turned from left to right.

"Kat, what are you doing?" Carter's voice had gone up and he had approached the Lieutenant Commander.

"I want to see if she has some communication device that's been picking up on our links," She replied. Nisha began to struggle and she grabbed the prosthetic arm of Kat's as she continued to look in her ears, and behind them.

"I don't have a stupid communicating device!" She yelled, trying to pull back. Considering how the Spartan was the smallest of the group, she had quite the strength.

Kat let go of Nisha and the girl stumbled back. She glared at the Spartan.

"Kat, be more gentle. She's just a civilian," Carter's voice was calm, yet firm. His teammate only shrugged.

"Well, she doesn't have any communicating device as far as I could tell."

"I told you!" Kat turned around, and Nisha felt the Spartan's eyes narrow at her.

"Civilian, please tell us where you are getting this information." Carter was looking straight at her. Nisha fidgeted and felt anger start to form inside her.

"I already told you. You guys are in a videogame, and I've played that videogame so many times! I even researched you guys on the Internet!" How they were examining her made her feel like she was a loony, and it didn't help.

\_/Commander, let me talk to her./\_

\_ / Go ahead Noble Five, you have a way with the civilians./\_

Carter took a step back, and soon Kat followed, while Jorge went towards Nisha, trying his best not to intimidate her.

"Nisha, listen, I'm sorry that Kat did that to you, but we need to know where you got this information. Such information isn't just leaked out to anybody, especially civilians." His voice was quiet and soft, as if a father were talking to his little daughter.

Nisha stared back, then she inhaled, and exhaled heavily, suddenly

realizing how tired she looked as she stared at her own reflection on his visor. Not only did she look tired, but she also looked like hell.

"I already told you. I've played the videogame you guys are in before, countless times. Where I come from, you guys aren't real, none of this is." She gestured to her surroundings.

Jorge just sighed. He then lifted one of his hands to the side of his helmet, pressing the comm. Link. \_/Commander, she's still saying the same thing./ \_There was a pause. \_/She's pretty serious too./\_

There was a sigh from Carter. \_/Very well. We'll send her back up safely to the ship. She should get treatment and maybe then her mind will be cleared./\_

There was pause from Jorge. \_/Agreed./ \_While they were privately communicating, Nisha could still feel herself breathing rather hard and the tips of her ears ere still burning. She had no idea what they were saying, but she knew it was about her. She felt disappointment at this. It was the first, and probably the only time she could ever meet up the Spartans up close, and for real, and now they thought of her as just an insane person.

She licked her dried lips, and suddenly felt how empty her stomach was. When had she eaten? "Look, before you ship me off, I need to tell you what's going to happen next."

All the Spartans looked at her, for the exception of Emile who had already gone to the vehicles off of the smallcliff, probably sharpening his knife.

"You will find two empty vehicles once you go past the oncoming small cliff. Once you get in the vehicles, around the first corner to the left. There will be a flock of moas but then there will be two jackals that'll appear. That's a small part. You'll come across a bridge, cross that and there will be a structure on the right. There will be a Covenant squad there-"

"Hold on civilian." Nisha stopped speaking and bit her lip. She had a name! "How do you know all of this? Not only do you know about our mission, but now you know where all the Covenant squads are located?" Carter's voice was skeptical but nonetheless he waited for Nisha's response.

"How many times do I have to tell you people? I've played this mission before!"

"Maybe she knows of this because she probably came from that general direction," Kat explained, ignoring Nisha.

"You really think I would survive all that Covenant when I couldn't even stand up against an Elite?" The Spartans were quiet and then she heard Kat huff.

"Hmm, she has a point there."

\_/This is Noble Four. Where the hell are you guys? I've been waitin' for awhile now. I'm getting' bored sharpening my knife. I'm itching for some bloodshed./ \_

Carter sighed and then he regarded his other teammates.

/\_Noble Team, we'll head out and try to wipe out the remaining Covenant along with approaching our main goal. Kat, Emile, you two will infiltrate the relay outpost while Jorge and I will recon the Easy Valley. Noble One out./\_

Immediately, Kat headed off towards the cliff, and disappeared as she joined Emile. There was the sound of the running vehicle.

\_/Commander, what about the civilian?/ \_Jorge was looking between Nisha and Carter. There was silence as the Spartan thought.

\_/I may have to call in-/ \_

"Could you guys please not chat privately? I hate knowing you're talking about me but won't say it right in front of me!" Nisha immediately bit down on her tongue when she realized what she had done. Her face heated up and she seemed to shrink a little. "Uh, I-I'm sorryâ€|"

"That's ok, Nisha," Jorge replied, sounding more amused than offended. Carter didn't say anything but turned towards Jorge.

"As I was saying, I may have to call in a falcon to pick her up." Nisha's eyes widened.

"What? No! I want to come along with you guys, please?" She was mostly looking up at Jorge, knowing he was the softest out of the whole group.

"Sorry, but civilians are not to be dragged into the battlefields. No exceptions," Carter replied.

"But I could help you! I could give you warnings and all that, so you know what's coming!" Carter shook his head.

"Still, the answer is 'No'. We can handle ourselves, and you already gave away enough information for us, although we'll see for ourselves real soon if it's true."

"It is true! Are you calling me a liar?"

"Hey, calm down. No one's calling you a liar. We just need you to be safe," the large Spartan said, letting one of his large hands to rest on Nisha's shoulder lightly. The girl was astounded by how big his hand was. It engulfed her whole shoulder, but she did feel calmer.

"I'm hungry," she whined, wondering why she had to mention that randomly.

"I got hold of a falcon, it should be arriving here soon-" Carter then let one of his hands land on his helmet and he swerved around, most probably talking to the pilot of the falcon.

Nisha rose her eyebrows. "Well?" Carter's hand dropped. Even Jorge was peering at his commander, wondering the same thing.

"The pilot won't answer. The link got cut."

"The Covenantâ€|" Jorge growled. The blue Spartan knew it was true but didn't say anything else.

"Well then, looks you'll be staying here until we wipe out the remaining Covenant," Carter stated, directing the statement to Nisha. "Once we're finished up, we'll send in a falcon to you coordinate points."

"You're abandoning me?" Nisha asked, exasperated.

There was a sigh. "No, we're not abandoning you, we're just leaving you here until-"

>"So you're abandoning me." <em>Shut up, Nisha!<em>

"Listen, Kat and Emile have already gone ahead. We've been delayed far too long. Jorge, you're with me." The Spartan gestured for the weapons specialist to come along. There was just a nod from the larger Spartan.

"You heard the Commander, stay put. If there are any Covies that come along, hide," Jorge warned her in a low voice as he departed.

"Got it. So I won't go up to them and ask them what their favorite color is." Nisha could hear the smile as Jorge replied, "You got the general idea."

Just before they left, she ran closer and yelled, "Wait!" Carter had already jumped over the cliff and in the vehicle. The girl could hear the engine running. Luckily, Jorge hadn't jumped over yet and he turned to her. Deciding she shouldn't yell across, she ran until she was in front of the large Spartan.

"I need to tell you something, it's about the mission. Once you eliminate the Covenant squad in the building, Emile will radio you guys about movement to the East. It will be the Covenant. After that, you'll find the trooper squadron you guys have been looking for. They're near the bottom of this one hill but there will be more Covenant. They'll have dropships come in and they'll have Elites." Nisha almost ran out of breath as she tried her best to give the information quickly. She hoped that Jorge was able to pick up all the info. She was known to talk rather fast.

"Thanks, I'll keep that in mind." He nodded his head. "You know what you're supposed to do?"

"Stay hereâ€|" Nisha grumbled.

"Stay here and stay safe. The Commander will be sending a falcon over to you once we wipe out the Covenant. By then, hopefully they won't be sending anymore dropships that may shoot down more of our falcons."

"Where will I be taken?"

"Don't worry. You'll be transferred to an awaiting pelican, and from there you will be transported to a UNSC ship."

"Got it. I shouldn't keep you any longer," Nisha replied.

"Seriously now, stay safe." Although he could joke around, this time she could tell he was being serious and she nodded, her face serious. After seeing this, the Spartan then jumped down the cliff and climbed onto the back of the truck. The vehicle flew across the ground and they disappeared around the corner.

\_Great, now to stay safe without any Spartansâ€¦!.\_

\* \* \*

><p><em><strong>Well, I hope I did ok with the Noble Team. I tried my best not to make them sound too OCC or anything. I also hope I got this mission correct. I still haven't gotten around to playing Halo Reach yet. I really should. <strong>\_

\_\*\*I also hope I didn't bore you. I do realize that they talked for a long time. Things should speed up though.\*\*><em>

\_\*\*If you spotted any grammatical errors, Halo errors, or if you thought that one of the Spartans sounded too OCC, please PM me, or say so in your review. Just be polite about it though, please. Hehehe. ^\_^ Please R & R!><strong>\_

## 5. Chapter 5

\_\*\*Thanks to all my reviewers, favoritors (I realize that's not a legit word), and story alert adders. You're awesome! :)\*\*\_

\*\*\_Disclaimer: I do not own Halo, or any of their characters, unfortunately.\_><strong>

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Chapter 5<strong>

The Spartans raced down the path and sure enough, just as Nisha had said, they had bumped into a pair of jackals. It hadn't been real hard to mow them down with a machine gun, and when he had shot them down, the large man couldn't help but feel a smile creep onto his lips. How dare those bastards invade his birth planet!

Soon, they had crossed the bridge, as the girl had said and all the while, Noble Five's mind was buzzing with various questions. They all led to Nisha and the mission. How had she known so much? He recalled how she was serious when she had explained to him that they were part of a videogame; that they weren't actually real. For a moment, the large Spartan did wonder if Kat was right, if the girl had been knocked in the head too hard.

"I detect Covenant signatures in the building. Take them out." Carter's voice caused Jorge to focus on the mission again.

"With pleasure," he growled as he sprayed the bullets on the aliens.



All the while, Noble Five kept thinking about what Nisha had said. So far she had been right. She had been too right. There was a split second when the large Spartan thought that she really did come from some other parallel universe where this was all a game.

No, this is anything but a game!\_ This is real!\_ It hurt, thinking how all of this wasn't real, how he wasn't real, or his team; his birth planet. That meant all those deathsâ€|they hadn't been really worth anything? In his head, he knew better than that. Of course they meant something. Humanity was fighting against something much larger and technologically advanced, and they were holding on. They'd fight 'til their last breath, game or not.

"All clear," Carter declared. Jorge didn't say anything to that, just re-boarded the back of the truck and they drove in silence.

Noâ€|she must have come from this direction. She must have passed all this. How else would she know about where the Covenant were located? Or where the trooper squadron was? This allowed most of the Spartan's questions to slow their buzzing, but then his common sense rolled in, creating a plethora of more questions.

She would have never survived this all. And besides, how did she know of our mission? About us?\_

It was true that the UNSC marines and staff knew about the Spartans, even civilians, but none of their information such as names, ranks, of specialties were mentioned. Not in such great detail anyway. Only a select few knew about their missions. No civilian would know what was happening.

On the steering wheel, Carter was also silent, and Jorge knew he was thinking the exact same thing.

Nisha paced the area, watching her bare feet fall onto the ground. It had been what seemed like an hour now since Jorge and Carter had left her on her own. During that time, she had tried climbing the haystacks or climbing the trees like some five-year old. She even tried to reload the weapons she found on her own, which only resulted her in a bleeding finger and failure. Soon though, she became tired and sat back down on the ground, overlooking the fence and at the beautiful scene unfolded before her.

She was interested in this planet. When she had played the game, she had noticed the planet, but not so much in depth. Staring now at the vegetation, the waterfalls, streams, and knolls, even the sky, she realized how much it was similar to Earth.

There was a sudden tug at her heart when she remembered her home planet. What was her family doing? Her mom must be having a heart attack. Thankfully, her dad was the cool-headed type so hopefully he could calm her mother. As for Shane, she had really no idea how he'd act. She knew how he acted as if he didn't care for his odd sister, but in truth, he really did love her. Nisha loved him too and wouldn't trade him in for any other sibling.

"I wish you were with me, one of you guysâ€|" Nisha sighed, although in her mind, if anyone could join her in this game, it would have to be her brother. He knew her the most, and he also knew the game. She

just wanted someone she knew to be here with her; yet, she still didn't want to leave, not yet.

A breeze picked up again and wafted onto the lone girl, warming her although in reality she felt cold inside, and so tensed up she felt like she could vomit. She knew she was alone, without the Spartans, no matter how unfriendly some of them were, and she was homesick, not to mention starving. She had eaten only last night, and nothing since. She also realized that she needed to bathe.

"Ugh, I feel like crap!" she groaned to herself, letting one of her hands reach up into her dark hair and tangle itself in and pull, as if she were trying to pull her hair out. She sighed then, feeling how heavy her lids were when she thought she heard a heavy, muted footstep behind her.

Paranoid, the girl spun on her heels and narrowed her eyes. Instantly, her heart started to beat furiously in her chest. Another breeze washed over her, and this time it felt cool.

Nisha wanted to move back, but her feet were frozen on the spot and her breathing became irregular. She swore she had heard someone or something behind her!

"I-I know someone's here! S-show yourself!" She hated how her voice quavered, but she couldn't help it. She knew how Stealth Elites could use camouflage. They were also very effective, with non-Spartans for the most part. The only weakness they really had was a weak armor shield, but she wasn't playing as a Spartan, so really, either way, she was in trouble if it was a Stealth Elite.

Straining her eyes, she tried to see the ripple in the air, or a shiver, signaling the cloaked Elite.

\_Please just be a marine playing a trick on me!\_

There was no reply and when she was about to speak again, she heard more heavy footsteps coming to her side. Turning her head around, she saw the ripple in the air. Her instincts kicked in again, and she tried to fling herself away from the rippling mass, but she wasn't quick enough.

She was just in the process of bending her knees to push her legs out when she felt something very large and rough grab her entire shoulder and shove her down. Nisha felt the air in her lungs go right out and before she could recover, she felt something cool and scaly wrap around her throat and drag her up in the air. Nisha kicked and squirmed and instantly placed her hands tightly on what she thought was its hand. She heard the Elite chuckle deeply in its throat.

"Don't laugh! Let me go!" she managed to growl as she kicked hard with her foot. It landed on something hard and pain leaped up her toes. Nevertheless, she had kicked the alien hard enough that she could see the faint outline of the Elite ripple. She wished she hadn't, because she got a glimpse at how large this monster was.

There was an annoyed growl and she smirked, of course that didn't last long when she saw the blade of an energy sword being whipped out

with that familiar crackling sizzle noise.

\_He's going to kill me! I'm going to die! \_

Nisha had heard about how people would see their life flash by their eyes when in near-death experiences. It had intrigued the girl, but she didn't know if she could believe it. Now, she did. It was like a sped up movie, just flashes of each stage from her childhood, all those memories, all flashing by before her eyes in a brilliant white. It made her sick to the stomach and she felt like someone had placed something heavy on her chest.

"No! No! I just got here!" she screamed shrilly, increasing her kicking and squirming. She dug her nails further into the Elite's scaly hand, hoping that at least her nails would leave a small mark. She felt the grip on her throat only tighten and soon all she could think about was breathing. She needed oxygen, air! Her eyes began to water and all she could think about was how the oxygen was leaving her lungs. She imagined her lungs shrinking.

There was a growl, which soon morphed into a low chuckle. Enraged at the alien, Nisha mustered just enough energy and control to bring up her knee and then kick out, straight. She felt the ball of her foot hit something slimy and moist and multiple pointy things that dug into her skin. With her adrenaline rush, and the need for oxygen though, Nisha didn't feel the pain.

She heard almost a choking noise come from the beast and she felt the grip on her neck instantly loosen and she was dropped onto the ground like a bag of flour. Sputtering and coughing like mad, she remained on the ground, relishing the feeling of oxygen passing into her lungs once more. As soon as she was able to open her eyes, she heard what seemed like someone spitting and then a very pissed off Elite roar. The noise shook her bones and made the blood in her veins turn cold.

Tired, and frozen in place, Nisha didn't move but only closed her eyes and tightened into a ball, waiting for the energy sword to cut right through her. Nothing came. There was instead the sound of a chaingun and someone cursing quite loudly. She could hear the Elite roar and then heavy footsteps.

"Yeah! That's right! Run squid-head!" someone yelled from above. Nisha finally heard the sound of blades circulating in the air and the rushing wind, blowing her hair all over and messing it up further. The girl just plugged her ears and remained in the same fetal position.

Dust flew everywhere and Nisha felt some of it catch on her lips. She just curled up tighter and spat.

The sound stopped and the air slowly stilled. There was the sound of boots hitting the ground and they approached her.

"Hey, get up! We took care of the bastard." Nisha finally looked up to see a tall lean man with a forest green helmet and matching colored outfit and armor.

Blinking, she just stared for awhile before she finally got up, worrying that she'd discover one of her limbs chopped off.

"That's right, easy there," the man said gently, although he looked like he was getting impatient with how slowly Nisha was getting up.

As soon as she was on both feet again, the marine slowly led her to the awaiting falcon, but she noticed how he was rushing her, glancing about. His buddy was still on the other chaingun, looking around with alertness.

"D-did you kill him?" Nisha asked, shakily, her legs feeling like they were mush as she forced them to move towards the flying vehicle.

"The squid-head? Well..." The marine scratched his neck and looked around. "Don't worry. We scared him off good." Nisha took that as a 'No' but didn't say anything. She just sat down on the seat. As soon as she sat down, everything caught up to her and for all she had been worth, she felt like Jell-O spilling over the seat. She could have fallen asleep right then and there.

"That's right, take it easy," the marine said, his gruff voice sounding tired. She watched as he pushed something on the side of his helmet and spoke into the mic in front of his lips.

"This is Gruff, we've got the civilian. We can get off the ground now." The falcon shuddered to life again and they ascended. Nisha wasn't able to stay awake for the whole trip though as she had shut her eyes and fallen asleep.

\* \* \*

><p><em><strong>Whew, man am I just in the writing mood! I've been updating everyday so far. Heh. Well, I am sad to inform you guys that my updates won't be as quick, considering how school is starting again (I can't wait for Thanksgiving Break). I also am happy to say that I started on my project and that it isn't as bad as I thought, it's quite easy actually. ^\_^<strong>\_

\_\*\*Anyways, this chappy was a little shorter than the others, but the other ones should be longer. I always make sure that my chapters are at elast 2,000 words long. Also, in case people were still confused, yes, Nisha just kicked that Elite in the mouth. \*\*\_

\_\*\*Please R&R! It always makes my day! :D\*\*\_

## 6. Chapter 6

\_\*\*Sorry guys! I've been so busy with school. It's so frustrating! Every single day I told myself I'd sleep at 9:30 pm by the latest. Guess what? Homework/projects/tests/quizzes: "Muahahahaha! You can't sleep that early! You must stay up 'til 10 pm!"\*\*\_

\_\*\*Yeah, so...well, this chapter was quite short personally. I think it's the shortest chapter so far that I've posted, but, such short chapters shouldn't pop up so frequently.\*\*\_

\_\*\*Disclaimer: I don't own Halo!\*\*\_

\* \* \*

## <p><strong>Chapter 6<strong>

The skirmisher walked carefully through the corridors of the \_Long Night of Solace\_, his long, thin legs sweeping rather gracefully in his pace. He took the pleasure of listening to his sharp claws scratch the ground softly after each step. Despite being part of the Covenant, which meant being allied with the Sangheili, Unggoy, and Mgalekgolo, there was still some tension between the species. As always, the high and mighty Sangheili always thought of themselves as the superior race and would sometimes not even acknowledge the other races. Soak rather thought of the race as being haughty, but never spoke of it, knowing full well how powerful the large reptiles were. A normal Sangheili easily matched the strength of one Demon, and Demons were known to be able to kill Kig-Yar with just one punch if with enough force.

Soziri was beside him, trying his best to look like he wasn't afraid everytime they passed by a Sangheili or a Mgalekgolo. Soak only snorted softly. His younger sibling was lucky to have been able to go on a scouting mission with his own blood brother. If not, he could have easily been reprimanded for the slip-ups he had made whilst on the mission.

Just thinking about that, the Kig-Yar remembered that one interesting room. It had definitely belonged to a Human. By now, he could easily remember the disgusting scent those creatures put out, but it had been odd. The room itself had been out of the ordinary, if not intriguing. The walls had been painted a sky blue color with a white ceiling that looked as if it had small veins running through it. Not to mention the sleeping chamber of the inhabitant was covered in sheets of all colors. Then there was the huge desk of some sort with what were rectangular shaped chunks filled with pages of Human lettering.

That had been one of the slip-ups his brother had done. He had picked one up and tried reading it. Disgusted, yet curious, Soak had grabbed it out of his sibling's hand and flung it aside. A few seconds later, one of the rectangular Human documents fell onto the surface of the furniture causing his brother to turn around and shoot his plasma pistol, ultimately melting part of the desk. Soak ended up scolding Soiziri for acting so paranoid when he noticed another door leading to another part of the room. It had been the same color of the first door, and this time, he knew how to open it. It took awhile for his clawed hands to grasp the rounded doorknob and turn it, but when he succeeded, he had sprung the door open in a flash and moved into the smaller chamber, sniffing around.

He hadn't smelled anything, except that there had been Human activity recently. Whichever Human had lived in the space wasn't found. He didn't know if it had left, or was hiding. Still itching to spill some more blood, Soak had sniffed some more, but couldn't pinpoint exactly where the Human was, or if it was even present. During that time, he heard his brother call out to him and swipe his hand over something on the wall; a board of some sort. Both aliens listened for awhile, wondering if it was some Human technology, but there was nothing. Soiziri then quickly swiped something from the board and began examining it. From where he was Soak, could only see the backside of the rectangular object that his brother was

holding.

Becoming impatient, he had called his brother over to show him what he had found. Soiziri had done so and showed him what was a still picture of a Human. Soak had ripped it out of his brother's hand and examined it further, baring his teeth in disgust. He was about to rip it to shreds when he noticed the background of the picture. It looked like that of this planet, but much more green and blue. Wherever this was taken, the Human had been in some sandy area near water. There were odd trees that Soak hadn't seen on Reach before, or any other planet. It had almost a scaly looking bark that become thinner near the top with what looked giant green feathers sprouting from the top. Realizing that this might be a key clue to finding the location of the Human's homeworld, Earth, he had ordered his brother to take any other pictures he found.

The skirmisher had decided to examine this room more carefully, in case there might be more clues when he was called through his comm, ordering his and brother's presence elsewhere. A Sangheili had made out the order, and so Soak didn't have any other choice but to obey. When Soiziri had asked him what had been said, he informed him that they were needed elsewhere. From there, they both had left the odd room.

Now, they were both heading down to discuss with the Shipmaster about their findings. Both aliens hoped that this would earn them a promotion, that, and they'd be recognized as the ones who found a key clue, that is, if the picture was of Earth.

Entering the control room, the skirmishers headed over to the raised circular platform where one of the Sangheili stood, his eyes scanning over the monitors and holographic controls. Both Kig-Yars had noticed how everything was splashed in a metallic purple-blue color in the room. Holographs of all kinds slid across the air almost gracefully. Everything was in the alien language.

"What is it Minors?" Shipmaster 'Barutamee questioned, turning to the skirmishers. The large Sangheili towered over the more skinny, smaller aliens.

Despite rehearsing what he had to say, Soak found himself slightly afraid but he knew better than that.

"Shipmaster." Both skirmishers bowed to the Sangheili before bringing their heads up to speak.

"Well?"

"We have a bit of news that may have a key clue to finding the Humans' home planet." There was a spark that flickered across the Shipmaster's black eyes and he waited quietly for Soak to continue. "My brother and I were sent out to scout the area when we happened to tumble upon an odd room. It looked as if it had been completely torn apart from a larger structure," Soak explained, swallowing and standing a little taller. He could tell that the Shipmaster was interested, but he'd soon grow tired if he didn't get to the point. "We inspected it and found it to be a Human living quarters," Soak watched as Barutamee's mandibles stretched into a disgusted look, "and we found it empty, but when smelling the area, there had been a Human that had recently been in it, but we weren't able to locate it.

We were able to get a hold of a few pictures." Soak then turned to his brother and gestured for him to hand him their findings. Soiziri handed him the photos and from there, Soak lifted them up for the Shipmaster to look at. The Sangheili took it from the skirmisher rather quickly.

The Shipmaster growled low, when he eyed the pictures, feeling hatred towards the creature in the pictures.

"It may just seem like another useless Human object that is worth burning, but I realized that in the background, there is quite a bit of information. All the backgrounds in the pictures contain geographic features we have never seen before on any other planet. This leads me to believe that these photos were taken on Earth," Soak finished explaining, waiting patiently as he watched 'Barutamee flip through the photos, his eyes narrowed to slits as he tilted his head to the side.

"Hmm, I must say that what you have brought here is quite invaluable, and very smart on your part," he praised, causing the Kig-Yar to puff out his chest more than usual. 'Barutamee then looked over the pictures and eyed the skirmishers in a questioning manner.

"Is there more you want to say?" he asked.

"Yes, there is Shipmaster. My brother and I believe that the Human in the pictures may know of these locations, meaning that it may know the whereabouts of Earth, considering that it was in the pictures itself. If this Human were to be captured and interrogated, perhaps it would give us the information we need." Soak became silent and stared up at the Shipmaster, wondering if the Sangheili was taking his idea into consideration.

"You have a brilliant mind. Yes, I will see to that. The only problem that befalls us is information. This Human may not even be alive at this point of time." The Shipmaster now was seemingly speaking to himself as he said the latter part and he turned around to face the large paneled windows, gazing over at Reach.

There was a long silence that stretched out between the aliens. The other Sangheili that were busily tapping away at the monitors also noticed the silence and tensed, waiting for their Shipmaster's response.

"But no matter, we'll try to locate this Human," he declared as he brought a picture up further, his eyes narrowing. He huffed loudly, causing the pictures to slightly tremble from his breath and he growled, placing the pictures on one of the glowing tables.

"'Vorhamee," the Shipmaster barked. One of the Elites at the monitor swung around from his chair and stood, bowing by placing his hand over one of his two hearts.

"Yes Shipmaster?"

>"I want you to search any files on that blasted Human ship. Any information you glean will be helpful." 'Barutamee's attention then went towards the pictures and he picked one up and handed it to the other Sangheili. "In that picture there is a Human. If you can find any information on that Human, inform me," he commanded, watching as

the Elite looked over the picture, a disgusted expression on his face.<p>

He looked back up, "Yes Shipmaster." The Elite then returned back to his seat and tapped away furiously at the monitor.

The Shipmaster turned back towards the waiting skirmishers.

"I presumed that if this Human is still alive, no doubt the UNSC has already saved it. It's probably in that ship," he explained.

"That's a good prediction, Shipmaster," Soiziri commented. Soak nodded his head in agreement but became uneasy. 'Barutamee sensed this and narrowed his eyes.

"Is there a problem?"

"Well, no, not really Shipmaster, but, I was wonderingâ€|what would happen if your men can't hack into the Human ship's database?"

'Barutamee only chuckled. "Well, either way, I would send in my best Stealth Elite to personally visit the UNSC ship. Now, I have more important things to attend to."

"Yes, thank you, Shipmaster," Soak said, bowing alongside his brother. Feeling accomplished, the two skirmishers then made their way swiftly out of the control room.

When the doors hissed closed, 'Barutamee picked up the pictures again and flipped through them, his eyes trying to take in each detail. He noticed the Human, and could only suspect that it was a female, but he was still unsure, and it personally didn't matter to him. As he looked through more, he saw the same Human with others of its own kind. Noting how they seemed to share the same skin tone and haircolor, he presumed it to be the Human's family. The Sangheili only huffed before he began observing the background of each picture. Indeed the skirmishers had been correct. The features weren't at all anything he had seen before on other planets. Reach had been the closest planet, but he remembered surveying the vegetation on the planet. None of the plants had looked so green, or so diverse.

'Barutamee then walked over to one of the holographs and pulled one up of the galaxy.

\* \* \*

><p><em><strong>Surprise! Ok, so, yeah, that's why Nisha couldn't find her photos. Hehe. <strong>\_

\_\*\*Anyways, I hope the aliens don't sound too OCC. I really don't know how Skirmishers really act/think or what they would say, so I took a wild guess based on how they acted in the game and a Halo book I sort of stole from my brother and read (well, I only read the parts that were in the Sangheili's POV).><strong>\_

\_\*\*Please R&R! ^\_^><strong>\_



End  
file.